tive, the General.

A MOST THRILLING EXPERIENCE.

The Story of One Who Participated in the Chase.

AT THE TOMB OF LEE.

Father Ryan's Tribute to the Elequence of Daniel.

THE CONFEDERATE VETERAN CAMPS.

Some of the Reasons for Their Formation.

Dr. Hopkins's Address at Their At-

WOMEN OF THE GRAY.

lanta Meeting.

THE CADETS AT NEW MARKET. A Vivid Description of Their Cap-

ture of the Federal Battery-Ode to Our Bend-The Confederacy's Chivalry-Comparisons.

A feature of the exposition that attracts a great deal of attention among northern visitors is, says the Atlanta Constitution, the old engine Ceneral in the train shed. The northern newspapers have devoted an unusual amount of attention to the old locomotive, and many are the stories that have gone out ncerning the thrilling incident in which the engine figured. Some of these stories have been correct; others have been ac paccurate as to call forth the true statement of the facts from Captain W. A. Felier, who was conductor of the train that was drawn by the engine on that foral morning.

Speaking of the matter Captain Fuller

My attention is called to recent articles in the newspapers of the country relating to the Andrews raiders who caprelating to the Andrews raiders who captured the engine General, at Hig Shanty, on the 12th of April, 1862. In some of the nerthern accounts I am said to have had a regiment of armed men in the pursait. To correct this, as well as some other nesteading stories, and for the truth of history. I have concluded to give an abridged running account of the capture, pursuit, and recapture, over my own staratupe for the direct time. Of course, this account will be shorn of all of the important features of the magnitude of the raid on the part of the Felerals, as well as the resultant benefits to the Confederate States by reason of the failure of the raiders to carry out their purpose. A history is how being prepared which will fully discuss these and all other important matters connected with the raid, "Then for present purposes I shall deal only with the capture of the General, the pursuit and the recapture by the confederates, as I suppose they should be called.

hotel and after the engine as fast as my legs would carry me. When I reached Moon's Station, two miles away. I came upon the track hands, who had been robbed of their tools by the raiders, and from them learned enough to satisfy me of the true character of the raiders; also learned that there were at least twenty or more of them. An old band-car, such as is used for hauling railroad trabers was hurriedly put upon the car, such as is used for handing radioad imbers, was hurriedly put upon the track. I debated in my own mind whether I should push back after Cain or proceed immediately in the chase. The former course was adopted, and with two track hands we ran back about a mile, where Cain was met. Mr. A. Murphy was with him. From that point to Fromb nearly twenty whiles, we to Etowah, nearly twenty siles, we pushed our way along as fast as we could, I cannot recount the many dangers and hair-breadth escapes of this most ex-

citing run.
"I had calculated upon reaching Eto-wah in time to catch the Yonah, an engine belong to the Mark A. Cooper Iron-Works. In this the old hand-car

Iron-Works. In this the old hand-car pushers were successful.

"The Yonah was there, but apart from her tender, which was on another track. All hands went to work to get the Yonah coupled to the tender, and I at once pressed her into service in the chase. The Yonah was run by her own crew from Etowah to Kingston at a most reckless sets of spread or the chase.

rate of speed. that the fleeing raiders were only a short while ahead. They had left Kingston in a great jam of trains reaching far out in a great jam of trains reaching air one on the main line, so much so, indeed, as to convince me at once that the Yonah could not be gotten by in time to be used further in the pursuit.

"Running around all the long trains to the north end of the Kingston car-yard.

where the Rome railroad Y intersected the State road main line. I found, as I had hoped, the Rome railroad engine, the Al-fred Shorter, which was at once pressed into service, as the Yonah had been. She was run by her own crew, Wylie Harbin as engineer, and his freman, from Kingston to a point six miles above, where the raiders had taken up the track and carried the rails away. I rode on the cow-catcher to remove obstructions dropped before us by the raiders. Here I abandoned the Rome engine, and again took it afoot. When I had run about two miles I met a south-bound freight, as I had anticipated. The engine of this train was run by Peter I. Brachen. Texas was the name of the engine. I stopped Brachen, and turned him back in the pursuit, but I will let Mr. Brachen and his freman tell their own story in the form of a certificate now in my posses-

GEORGIA, CHATHAM COUNTY, SA-OEORGIA. CHATHAM COUNTY, SA-VANNAH. October 7, 1826.—This certifies that my memory is distinct, and that I have no doubt of the absolute truthful-ness of the facts here following:

1. I was the locomotive engineer in charge of the engine Texas on the 12th

day of April, 1862, and that I alone ran her while in pursuit of the Andrews raid-ers from a point two miles south of Adairsville, where Captain W. A. Fuller met and stopped me, to a point three miles north of Ringgold, where the Andrews raiders abandoned the General and

drews raiders abandoned the General and took to the woods.

2. That Captain W. A. Fuller was the conductor in charge and that we had with us employed on the engine after Captain Fuller had switched off the train at Adairsville Henry Haney, now foreman of Fire-Engine Company No. 4, of Atlanta, as fireman; Flem Cox, an employee of the road, but not employed on my engine, acted as wood-passer, and one Alonzo Martin acted as train band, and that these were the only persons actually Alonzo Martin acted as train hand, and because in the nature of the case there that these were the only persons actually could be no selfish end to be accomplish-

Pursuit of the Locomotive, the General.

engaged in the service or work of the pursuit, except Mr. Anthony Murphy, who was foreman of the round-house of the Western and Atlantic railroad at the time, got on the engine where Captain Fuller had stopped me and remained with

3. That when we captured the General I a. That when we captured the took both engines back to Ringsold, and that my fireman, Henry Haney, and Mr. Murphy went back with me, and that Captain Fuller, Flem Cex, and Alonzo Martin ran into the woods after the flee-Correct except as to note below

PETER I. BRACHEN.

Note.—I don't recollect whether Mr.

Murphy went back to Ringgold or not with us. Everything else is correct, and if necessary I am willing to swear to it. P. I. BRACHEN.

ATLANTA, October II, 1835.—I indorse all that Peter I. Brachen has said in the above certificate, and will join him in making oath to same at any time.

HENRY HANEY,

Foreman Engine Company No. 4 Atlanta

Foreman Engine Company No. 4 Atlanta Fire Department.

"As stated, I shall not enter into a dis-cussion of the importance of this event, looking at it either from a Federal or a Confederate standpoint. The capture and the possession of the enging General and the utter destruction of all the bridges on the Western and Aliantic railroad, vir-tually rendering this very important line of communication useless as early in the f communication useless so early in the truggle as April, 1882, when the southern rmy was at Corinth, would have been isastrous to the South, and of immense disastrous to the South, and of immense service to the Federal advancing army.

"The toils and dangers the pursuers un-derwent will never half be told. The question as to whether the General or the Texas should have the honors has been discussed. I am rather inclined to the Texas; but, at the same time, I never could have availed myself of the service of the Texas if I had not succeeded in retting the Alfred Shorter at Kingston. getting the Alfred Shorter at Kingston nor could I have got the Shorter the Yonah had been out of reach at Et-wahi. And if I had not had the use the old hand-car from Moon's to Etowah I never could have reached the Yonah in time. So all of these came in for a

"More than a hundred men have told "More than a hundred men have told me that they were in the chase. One man actually introduced me as one who was with him. Another gentleman, and an Atlanta man at that, worth more than a quarter of a million dollars, told me that he got on my train at ——, and that he had furnished the Century a history of 'our' race after the Andrews raiders, and that I must get it, and read the account. I simply stated to him that I was very busy that day, and that some things may have occurred that I did not see. The gentleman here referred to was not along with me that day."

AT THE TOMB OF LEE.

Pather Ryan's Tribute to the Eloquence of Daniel.

Orleans Times-Democrat, Father A. J. Ryan, the poet-priest of the South, de scribed his emotions at the unveiling of the monument to General Robert E. Lee in Lexington, Va. He said; At noon, sided in the absence of General Joseph E. Johnsten, called the assemblage to erder and introduced the erator of the day Major Daniel. He rose amid deafening cheers—a man strikingly handsome, with soul-power in his face. He combines in cheers—a man strikingly handsome, with soul-power in his face. He combines in face and manner the powers of Edwin footh and John McCuiloch, the actors. He be can his oration in a simple, yet striking way, alluding to the home of Lee before the war. His power of description is strong. It was only the preface to a glorious oration. He rose as he proceeded as a man who is climitate the slowes of a mountain to see the erthen for present purposes I shall deal only with the capture of the General, the pursuit and the recapture by the Confederates, as I suppose they should be called.

"My train consisted of three freightcars next to the General, which a passenger train attached. Big Shanty being the Irenkfast station, the train crew and must of the passengers went into breakfast, and as we were about to take our meal the gong of the engine rang. I leoked out, and saw, to my astonishment, the General and the three freight-cars speeding along around the curve. Remarking to my engineer, Mr. Jeff Cain, that some one who had no right to had run off with our engine, I ran out of the Potel and after the engine as fast as my legs would carry me. When I reached Moon's Station, two miles away, I came upon the track hands, who malbeen robbed of their tools by the raiders. to words grand as they were, and grandly spoken of a man grander than any words. Some eyes were moist with tears then-tributes to our President, who suffered

for us all.
God bless him. The crater went on, God bless him. The orator went on, rising higher and higher in his eloquence, and when he concluded there was one man in that audience who said to himself "the orator equals the occasion." Then General Early. His words were brief, but he commanded your humble servant to come forward and face a crowd already entranced with giorious eloquence. I obeyed, said a few words, recited "The Sword of Robert Lee," and stole away. Stonewall Jackson's daughrecited "The Sword of Robert Lee." and stole away. Stonewall Jackson's daugh-ter, Julia, unveiled the statue. Crowds went in and came out, and the faces of many were sad. Clouds were gathering away over on the mountains. The sun went down, and Lexington will never see such a day again, because the world will such a day again, because the w never know another Robert Lee,

WOMEN OF THE GRAY.

Dr. Hopkins's Address at Their Meeting in Atlanta.

The following is the address of Dr. Hopkins, delivered at the opening session of the meeting of the Daughters of the Confederacy at Atlanta:

"The occasion which brings us together "The occasion which brings us together to-day has an interest and a pathos peculiarly its own. It is not that of a jubiled to be celebrated with sours and shoutings. It is not that of a brilliant victory resounding with the beat of drums and the fanfare of trumpets. Nor yet is it the manguration of some industrial enterprise which is to bear fruit in the upbuilding of national wealth and national greatness. It is nothing more than a tribute of love which a few women have come to lay upon a sacred tomb. The tomb is that of what we of this Southland have learned to call in tones of tenderness the Lost

of what we of this Southland have learned to call in tones of tenderness the Lost Cause. The tribute of love placed there today is a modest little structure on yonder filliside, known as Confederate Hall, and filled to overflowing with relics of the Southern Confederacy.

"It is not needful to say under what discouragements, with what pain and labor this work has been accomplished. It is sufficient to say that the efforts of these women have been successful, and visitors to these grounds may look upon a picture never presented before and never to be seen again in such fulness of detail and in such variety of coloring.

"The mere curiosity hunter will find

detail and in such variety of coloring.

"The mere curiosity hunter will find there much to interest him. There are the crude implements of domestic industry improvised under pressing need and the products of lands unaccustomed to labor. There are State papers, the issuance of which once shook a continent like the threes of an earthquake. There are newspapers now faded and yellow with time, which carried in their columns the hurry. which carried in their columns the hurry which carried in their columns the hurrying events of a feverish national crisis.

In cases and on shelves are to be seen
garments curious in cut and texture,
home-made laces, needle work more or
less intricate and elaborate, swords and
murkets, shots and shells, portraits of
leaders homored and beloved, and a
thousand other articles gathered by these toving tollers and presented now for the inspection of the lover of the curious and the searcher of the things strange and

UNSPEAKABLY PATHETIC. "There is something unspeakably pa-thetic and beautiful in all this. Pathetic

rare.

ed by it, no pride of conquest to be gratfied, no lust of power to be indulged. To place on exhibition these symbols of a people's defeat and despair by themselves could have no inspiration, except in the gentler and kindlier elements of human nature, and which have part with that charity which suffereth long and is kind, which vaunteth not itself, which doth not behave itself unseemly, which is not easily provoked, which thinketh no evil, which endureth all things.

"And it is beautiful because most appropriately this work has been done by

endureth all things.

"And it is beautiful because most appropriately this work has been done by the hand of woman. Barred from the strife which leads to triumph in the strife which leads to triumph in the marts of trade, not called to create highways of travel, and erect factories by which to obliterate the cruel marks of war, she comes with a not less sacred motive and mission, and beautifies these symbols of a period of storm and battle and transforms them into tokens of peace and love. Of her, as was said by the Master once, it may be said to-day, she hath done what she could. There has never been a peril so great that she declined to share it with her brother; there was never a tragedy so dark and dire that she did not stand in her lot and soften its gloom by her rainistry of love and helpfulness. Last at the Cross and first at the sepulchre. Weeping tears of devotion on the feet of the Lord she loved, and yielding her tresses for a menial service—these have been the notes, clear and strong, which have rung out above the din and clamer of the world's selfishness and the world's woes since history began.

VALUE OF SUCH WORK.

VALUE OF SUCH WORK.

"The value of such a work as this hall commemorates is not apparent to the careless observer. It has two phases, either of which is worthy of our most careful attention."

to dis. Such value some relics have and none more than these. Yonder gray jacket, bullet-pierced, covered a manly chest that knew no thrill of fear, and when the brave boy who wore it fell in the fore-iront of the battle the light of joy went out in a distant home. That swor the grip of a strong hand and flashed in the sunlight one morning before the air grew thick with the smoke of battle. In the evening it may stained and useless by the dead warrior's side

the dead warrior's side.
"That old journal, printed on paper all unaccustomed to such dignity, was read to eager crowds at the post-office a few days after the battle, and one could almost hear the heart-beats of the strong man who listened to the names of the dead and wounded to find out if his boy's was there,

name was there.
"That homespun wedding dress was beautiful in its day. Perhaps the bride-to-be wove it with her own slender fingers and as test of her skill ran the warp and as test of her skill ran the warp through her engagement ring. No brocad-ed silk or satin ever lent more queenly dignity to womanly grace and beauty. "Yonder letter never caught the regi-ment in its rapid march until the day of battle, and it was never read by eyes it was meant to brighten.

"That opera glass stopped a builet an inch from a brave heart and kept the shadow for a while from the hearts at

faded and dim. Touch them carefully they were party dresses once and were the offerings of beautiful belies to the new formed company, and floated gayly in the formed company, and heated gayly in the breeze as the hoys marched off to the time of 'The Girl I Left Behind Me.'

"And the money, the dear old Confederate money, so shably looking beside the brilliant greenback, that promised so much and could do so little, 'Representing nothing on God's earth now, and naught in the waters below it,' 'telling its tale

of a liberty born of a patriot's dream, of a storm-cradled nation that fell.' WHAT MEMORIES. "And that coffee that was no coffee

and the old candle-moulds, and the pal-metto hats and the photographs-what memories they evoke of hardships en-dured and economies practiced and sacri-"And there is a pair of socks, warm and strong. They are old-fashioned and kultted by hands. Some of the stitches are awry. We know how grandmother was not paying much attention to her needles then. Her heart was at the front and her eyes had closed for a brief mo-ment as she uttered John's name in prayer and committed him to the God of battles."

the infinite pathos of it all "Little wonder that in that hall the crowd moves with more measured stea crowd moves with more measured step than anywhere else in all this pageant. Little wonder that insensibly to ourselves our voices sink to lower cadences and a sense of the sacredness of the place steals upon us, and our thoughts are very like a prayer. It is as if we stood within a temple which had neither priest nor choir, when sacrifices were no longer offered, and whose aitar fires had gone out, and yet where all about us were the tokens and symbols of a worship which filled the heart with hope and ship which filled the heart with hope and which was measured only by e. How strangely the bitter-

the infinite. How strangely the bitterness which followed the close of the war has passed away. The most that is left in the way of sentiment and feeling is a sense of sudness and a feeling of submission, an acceptance of the inevitable and submission to the inscrutable. Such sentiments cannot but be helpful and ennobling. It is sometimes at least better to go to the house of mourning than to the house of feasting.

OUT OF PLACE.

OUT OF PLACE. "Criticism of such sentiments is out of place and can be be indulged only by a honor an unhealed sorrow as they honor true courage, and no alliance is strong than that which springs from mutua expect when brave foes shake hands and accept once for all the arbitrament

of battle.

"But another and a very different end is accomplished by this achievement of these women. It concerns what is of most value, possibly, in literature and severnment. These relies are an object lesson in history. History is often at best but dignified romance. Insufficient records, unreliable chronicles, obscure tradition, human passion, prejudice, and unconscious partisanship too often mar and warp what is called history. Men philosophize on a meagre array of facts allosophize on a meagre array of facts of think they have explained the shift-

g scenes of human actions.
"Opinions are worth little when held by contemporaries whose prejudices are strong and are worth little more when time has weakened the force of impres-sion and confused the train of events. Dr. Schleiman's researches in Troy and Mycine have given the world more vivid Mycine have given the world more vivid and satisfactory ideas of the history of Greece than many of the tomes which have come from the pens of learned historians. Every relic in this collection enfolds a fact and germ of history. The history of the war between the States has not yet been written. It cannot be written in this generation. When the time shall come for such a history to be given to the world, the collection of relics will be of unspeakable value to the impartial historian. And now, as we close these historian. And now, as we close these exercises, it is fitting that credit be given to all concerned in the enterprise which finds its completion in the dedication of

forget it. We need not forget it. We should not forget it.

""Twill live in song and story.
Though its folds are in the dust,
For its fame on brightest pages.
Penned by poets and by sages.
Shall go sounding down the ages. Furl its folds, though now we must.

"'Furl that banner softly, slowly, "Furl that banner softly, slowly, Treat it gently—it is holy— For it droops above the dead; Touch it not, unfold it never; Let it droop there, furled forever, For its people's hopes are dead?"

CADETS AT NEW MARKET. Their Magnificent Charge Described.

The following is taken from an article in the Pittsburg Dispatch by Howard Morton: Opposite is the enemy's line of gray,

beiching forth fire and smoke. Those

Opposite is the enemy's line of gray, beiching forth fire and smoke. Those immediately in front of us are comparatively inactive. They have not yet mended their broken fences. We look to the further end of the rebel line. Out from an orchard steps a small body of gray-clad troops. Something about them attracts our attention, their marching and alignment are perfect, their step is unlike that of the veterans who marched against our frent. Their movements are those of a crack battalion on dress parade. They look like boys; the strong glasses show that they are boys. It is the battalion of pupils from the Virginia Military Institute, 225 in number. These little fellows, whose ages range from 14 to 16 years, drawn from the best families of the Old Dominion, have closed their books for the summer vacation, but instead of returning to their homes and making glad the hearts of fond parents and brothers and sisters, were told to take their cadet muskets and join the army in the Valley. They have just arrived and are eagerly marching to their captism of blood. War is cruel at least, but who can excuse the cruelity that risks such bright young lives even in a righteous cause? MOVING AS STEADILY AS VETE-

MOVING AS STEADILY AS VETE-RANS.

Opposite them, holding the right of our life, is a battery of six twelve-pounders. The commander has observed the cadet battallon and opened fire on it. The shells burst amons the boys, but they don't seem to be disturbed in the least. Forward towards the black monsiers the line moves us though parading on the smooth lawn of the military institute whence they came. Palings are being knocked from their fence, but they close up and present an unbroken line. MOVING AS STEADILY AS VETE-

We ask ourselves can they be so rash as to charge the battery. It is com-mencing to look that way. On, on, they march, their line as straight as a rule, more palings are knocked from the march, their line as straight as a rine, more palings are knocked from the living fence, and regains are made as before, but the fence is shorter. They are almost in cannister range, surely they will face Jout and retrace their steps; but no, the little heads bend lower as they face the iron atorm, the little muskets are grasped tighter as on, on they rush. God have mercy on them. The deadily cannister sweeps through their ranks, shorter and shorter grows the line.

Heaven pity their poor mothers Heaven pity their poor mothers, whose prayers are even now rising to Heaven for their darlings' safety. Oh, that some pitying hand would stretch out to stay them; but, on, on, on, they march, right into the jaws of the black monsters; now they enter the smoke, they disappear; the thunder of six, great guns is silenced; a juvenile shout is heard, and the survivors of that little band of heroes have captured the battery.

BATTERY CAPTURED BY BOYS. Scarce have we realized that they are victors, until we find that they manned the captured guns and turned them down our lines. The supporting manned the captured games, them down our lines. The supporting line of rebel infantry dash across the plain, with the blood of four of these young heroes.

Forward moves the entire line of the enemy. The rebel yell is given as they have towards our demoralized troops.

dash towards our demoralized troops, Our right is crowded back, the centre Our right is crowded back, the centre wavers. We run our gurs forward, and by cross-firing again check the rebel advance on the centre. Back, back, swings our right; confusion takes the place of order, and we see our infantry hurrying to recross the Shenandoah. Batteries limber up and gallop back to take a new position across the river. The cavalry and our battery are ordered to cover the external. We move over to the pike. retreat. We move over to the 'pike. Dead and wounded thickly strew our pathway. Carefully we move them to

pathway. Carefully we move them to one side or pick our way among them. Fire in retreat! Fix prolongs! is the order. The trail of the gun is attached to the limber by a rope, and, as we re-treat slowly in the direction of the bridge, we drag our guns with the muz-zles pointing toward the enemy, loading as we march, halting a second to aim and fire, and so retire, stubbornly con-testing every inch of our journey back. The enemy seem to have a wholesome respect for us. They have learned from bitter experience that we are an ugly foe to face, and they hesitate to make a dash toward our black muzzles.

CONFEDERATE CAMPS. Some Reasons for Their Organization.

I have of late been asked, writes M. C. in the Fincastle Herald, what is the object of the Confederate Veterans' Camp? ta it of any good? Will it accomplish anything?

In the first place, I would say that one of the objects it to get a full roster of all the old Confederate veterans who of all the old Confederate veterans who are alive that were faithful until the close of the war; who were not ashamed of their colors, and followed them as brave men, and fought as good and true soldiers, antil they were overpowered by ten times their number, and who won a name that their children will never be ashamed

And in the second place, to get a his-And in the second place, to see a mo-tory of our fallen comrades who fell on the field of battle, never to answer a roll-call on this side of the border land, and also those who died during and since

public for support, and shound be in Coldifers. Home at Richmond, Va., a place prepared and kept up by the State for all such old veterans. Now, it is the duty of all the camps to look after such of their old comrades and have them cared for in this home. It is important that each and every camp hunt up all such old soldiers and see to having them placed in the home for old Confederates.

to all concerned in the enterprise which finds its completion in the dedication of this hall.

"To those who have aided the noble hand of women having this matter in hand; those who have made it possible to make this enterprise part of this exposition, we render thanks, hearty and sincere.

FULL MEED OF PRAISE.

"To those who have given aid by money or by labor we would render the full meed of praise and thanks to-day. Especially in this list should be remembered the officers and men of the Fifth Regiment of United States troops. Unselfishly and unstintedly have these given time and toil to make this work a success. More deeply than words can tell do our hearts go but to them in acknowledgement of our debt. All honor to the boys in blue!

"And to the fair women of our city and our State, and of sister States, to one and all who have labored in the home for old Confederate veterans hould be a camp of Confederate veterans and the will review past memories of what was seen and took place during those four years of military strife.

We have organized in Botecourt county the Peachy Glimer Breckinridge Camp of Confederate Veterans, and would be glad to have all the old veterans, who stood like men to the last, or had an honorable discharge during the war, to join the camp, and become active members, and help to get up a true history of the late war between the States. We all know that the South has not so far had justice done, nor properly recognized in history, and if we ever are properly reported, we will have to see to it, and now is the time, or never; for in a few more yearr there will be no old Confederates to report. The roll-call will be ended!

As we have a permanent organization in the county, all old veterans who are entitled to join should do so, and help

to further the research after that which will give us our rights and justice in his-tory.

THE CONFEDERACY'S CHIVALRY.

Paper by Col. Stewart, in Which He Makes Interesting Comparisons. The October No. of the Sunny South prints in its "The Gray and the Blue" column the following from Colonel Wil-

liam H. Stewart, of Portsmouth:

The era of American chivalry is enshrined in the heroic traditions of the Confederacy. In the girlhood, in the womanhood, in the boyhood, in the man-hood of its people; in the rank and file of its army, in its homes, in its sanctuaries, patriotism absorbed the hopes of all with beautiful self-forgetfulness; and the remembrance of heroic actions and knightly deeds is written in the hearts of its sons and daughters, so that all though the States increase and the boun though the States increase and the boundaries of the Union expand to the limits of the undiscovered North and South seas, and their offspring scatter over the face of continents, these will be spackling jewels in the dust of time, which will teach their hearts to love their ancestors of the Southern Confederacy.

An agricultural people, armed with the noblest impulses of honor and chivalry, but without the appliances to equip and maintain an army in the field, were converted into soldiers almost like magic, to

defend their homes and firesides. I looms to weave the cloth-no furnaces mould the cannon-no plants to make it muskets-no outputs of lead for shot-n manufactories for powder in all this fa Southland, which produced the cotton for the world; and yet, from beginning tend, the most powerful nations of Europeave their resulters of world. gave their resources of wealth, in facture, and men to conquer the Con rate States of America. If Europe

soldiers against our Confederacy were so tremendous that we marvel how its armies held out for four years.

The total enrolment of our army and navy, including all classes, was about 600,000 men, collected. 600,000 men, out of a population of 5,000,000

The calculations of the United States Sanitary Commission, in regard to nativity, gave half a million of foreigners in the Union armies, of whom 187,858 were Germans and 144,221 were Irish.

upon the bier of many faithful hearts. All mute and cold, pierced three with many darts.

A queen discreward by Fate.
Bring here the frankincense of loyal

vows.

And myrth, the need of grief too deep BLACK AND NAVY SICILIAN fen-lively new), & inches wide, at 621-2 MATTINGS

And gold for royal brows, We shall not wake thee from thy dream-

As silent here we weep.
Yet we remember! Aye, nor can forget.
Those decis of splendor—those heroic days.
When thy leal sons rode forth thro'

bloody ways, Where Death and Honor met,

"O dream of glory past! Of high resolve To teach the world how brave it is to dare, And daring, do-tho' costing lives so

A nation to evolve. Roll, drums, and sound across the utmost sea!

Blow, bugles, in one long, majestic

"Free to live on and learn to suffer

wrong. Nor vengeance seek, nor feel ignoble Free to see truly and to grandly bear And grow thro' suffering strong. Mother of men! We gather round thy

grave
And pledge thy pure name ne'er shall
be belied;
A martyr thou hast lived, a martyr died,
The South's best self to save.

Yes, we will bury thee with pomp and

And leave thee sleeping in thy sacred For we behold thee far above the cloud, Transfigured, glorified: Sound we a paean, then, and not a knell; Sing we a jubilee, not a dirge; For let the South holds Victory's no-

blest verge, God is in Heaven! All's well!"

Amelie Rives as a Girl.

Amelie Rives as a Girl.

(New York World.)

Walter Wallman says that he once visited the home of Amelie Rives's father. Castle Hill, in Albemarie county. Va. and was pleased to hear the verdiet of the country folk as to Miss Am'ly, as they always called her. They knew her old ways, her pranks, her mad rides astride unbroken colts, and all that; but they idolized her just the same. To them she was an angel in human form—an angel of charity, of mercy, of good works. She visited the cabins of the poor colored folk with food and picture-books and sweetments. She nursed the sick, She helped those who were in trouble, Half different ones that have never been related, and will finally be lost if there is no way to get it into the knowledge of those who will make a note of it.

And fourth, there are a number of old veterans who are without means, home, or friends; who are depending on the public for support, and should be in the Modifers' Home at Richmond, Va., a place such old veterans.

(Salem Times-Register.)

Now that the din of party strife is for a time over, we take this occasion to urge our fellow-Democrats and co-workers to cling more closely to their party, with a determination to prune away any heresies that may have clogged its process and restore to full view its its progress, and restore in full vigor its pristine doctrines.

To Remove That Tired Feeling, Take

THE ONLY WORLD'S FAIR Sarsaparilla Over Half a Century

Old. Why Not Get the Best? AYER'S PILLS cure Headach. Great Low Price Sale

TITTELDORFER'C

Our patrons will be given an opportunity this week to buy their wares from one of the best selected stocks in Richmond.

Every item in the house an honest item. Every nook and corner crowded with beautiful goods suita. ble for right now and for months to come.

If you're economical you'll be here, for it's such a sale as this that adds brightness to such a house as

MITTELDORFE

Here's what we mean by such an assertion as this.

To make room for our Large Stock of Holiday and Bridal Presents, which we are daily receiving our entire stock of Wraps, Carpets, Dress Goods, &c., &c., will be sold regardless of cost or value.

BLANKETS, COMFORTS, AND FLANNELS at Sacrifice Prices.

OUR CLOAK DEPARTMENT, BLACK AND COLOR

been replemented with everything all shades, at the stylish, and low-down prices.

ALL-WOOL SERGE, etc., former is of all styles, best materials and lowest es.
HILDREN'S WRAPS from \$1.25 to \$19.
ISSES WRAPS, from \$2.50 to \$15.
ADJES WRAPS, from \$2.50 to \$10.

DRUGGETS, OIL-CLOTHS, WINDOW-SHADES,

Germans and 143.22 were Irish.

The total enrolment of the Union armies, not including three and six months' men, was 2.861.22, or 2.361.22 more men than were on our side.

Three hundred and ninety-five thousand, two hundred and forty-five Union soldiers were killed, mortally wounded, and severely wounded, and their total deaths from wounds, disease, and killed were 40.362

LACE CURTAINS NOTTINGHAM,
RUTSSELS HRISH POINT, APPLAGUE TUNEDO-edi new goods,
LACE CURTAINS at 9c, a pair, worth
BLS. DEPESS COOK PAIR, worth

DRESS GOODS. for tears.

The precious spice of love, t' embain thro' years.

And gold for royal brows.

And gold for royal brows.

And gold for spice of love, t' embain thro' years.

And gold for royal brows.

PLAIN

Underwear! Underwear! CHILDREN'S PLAIN A
VESTS AND PANTS to

Three hundred and ninety-live thousand, two hundred and forry-live Union soldiers were killed, mortally wounded, and severely wounded, and their total deaths from wounded, and their total deaths from wounded, and their total deaths from wounded, disease, and killed were 460.28.

Such flaures are cloquent and powerful testimonials of the tenacity, courage, and heroism of the Confederate armies,

Ode to the Dead Confederate,

The following poem by Mrs. Maclean was read by Mr. L. L. Knight at the meeting in Atlanta of the Daughlers of the Confederacy:

"Mother of men! thou liest in solemn state of men! thou liest in solemn state of men! thou liest in solemn state."

THREE-PLY ALL-WOOL at else, worth 55c, worth 55c, and 45c, worth 55c, and 45c, worth 55c, and 55c, and 45c, and 55c, and 45c, and 45

With murmuring mean disturb thy deep NEW GOODS TO BE SEEN HERE EVERY DA

The prices are such that everybody can buy. A great many of our good are sold at prices that cannot be duplicated. We do not want you to read that thinking you MUST come only on Monday to secure the goods at the prices Come any day in the week-come at any time while our doors are open,

EVERYBODY FINDS A WELCOME HERE.

WE ARE OPENING HOLIDAY GOODS AND TOYS EVERY DAY,

CARPETS.

atrain!

Tho' she is dead, she dieth not in vain Whose death hath made us free,

Whose death hath made us free,

100 rolls of Extra-Heavy Straw-Matting Cape, Misses' Company Company Company Cape, Wisses' Cape, Wisses

Do you like a good cup of Coffee?

Do you like a good cup of Coffee?

Do you like a good cup of Coffee?

Boucle, ripple-back, buttons up to show the composition of t

All Baby-Carriages at half-price.
All sizes Gilt-Buttons, small ones, 10c.
dozen.

PLAIDS.

Right here is gathered the handsemest collection of Worsted Plaids of samy stock in the city. It tells the true upto-distenses of our Dress-Goods Department:

S5-98.

16, similar style, not quite as good quantity for £1.98.

2 Cloth-Capes, Black, double-style, trimmed with braid, 51.98.

2 Fire Silk-Volour Capes irrimmed with Bandsome Black Thibet, embossed with handsome Black Thibet, embossed with handsome BOOKS.

Come and see our Book Department.

to-dateness of our Dress-Goods Department:

10 pieces Lovely Worsted Plaids at 18-2, worth 15c.

20 pieces Lovely Worsted Plaids at 18c., worth 25c.

25 pieces Special Colors Plaids, at 25c., worth 4c.

25 pieces Beautiful Plaids at 39, 44, 50, and 6%.

Men's Double-Breasted Navy-Biue Flannel Working-Shirts, 56c. each.

You can see here a line of Carpets that in price and quality will be sure in please you; everything in the Carpet line. Also, Cocoa and Napler Mattings and Hemp Carpets.

To rolls of Extra-Heavy Straw-Matting Cape, Misses' Coars, or Children's Ceats, Many people have said it, and we lake it to you to decide—that we have to

collece. Manufactured by Doan, of Phinadelphia.

SPECIALS.

Black Thibet Fur, 50, 75c., 31.
White Angora Fur, 25 and 30c.
Imration Scalskin, 2 inches wide, 50c.
yard.
Spiendid Black Fur Edging, 17c. yard.
Children's Eliderdown Cloaks, with angora trimming, 75c.
Children's Cashmere Cloaks, silk floss embroiders, 51c9.
Children's Silk Cloaks, of finest China-Silk, dainty silk embroidery, 35, worth 38.
Eiderdown Tam o'Shanter Caps, 25c.
Pictures, with White-ribbed frames, size lext2, same as you have been paying 18c. for, here, 3c. cach.
Black Hose, for ladies, heavy and seamless, never soil for less than 15c., nere, 15c.
White-Wool Flannel, 3-4-wool, 10c. yard.
New Wrappers, with sailor collar, very prectify mode, 8.
Picture-Frances, size 8x19, beautifully embossed, with raisee chrysanthemums, 5c. each.
All Blaby-Carriages at half-price.

ISAAC SYCLE & 103 East Broad Street, Next Corner First,

SOLE AGENTS NEW IDEA PAPER PATTERNS.

J. B. ROSE & CO.,

NO. 105 EAST BROAD STREET. GREAT BARGAINS!

Closing=Out Sale at This Store. We are now moving in our large and elegant store No. 1510 cast Main store our two houses will be concentrated. Our large store of Contains

We are now moving in our large and elegant store No. 1510 cast Main where our two houses will be concentrated. Our large stock of COOKING AND HEATING STOVES for coal, wood, gas, and oil uses, as well as the stock of GEANIFE IRONWARE, TINWARE, CROCKERY, LAMP GOODS, and all other goods will be sold to housekeepers at cost prices rather than remove them.

Remember, you have the best goods at your own prices, as we have no price-

J. E. ROSE & CO., 105 east Broad street.

BOOK AND JOB WORK

NEATLY EXECUTED AT THE DISPATCH JOB OFFICE.